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CERES AND
PERSEPHONE



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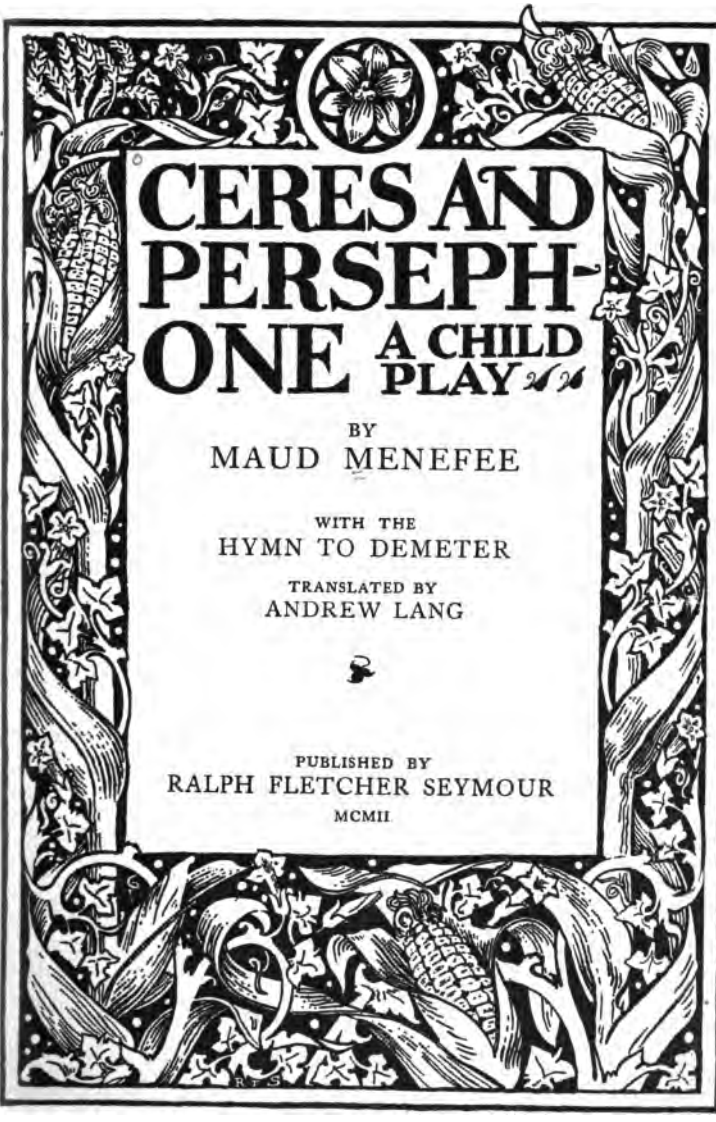
**THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
(CLASS OF 1882)
OF NEW YORK**

1918



CERES AND PERSEPHONE



The book cover features a highly decorative border in a style reminiscent of the Arts and Crafts movement. The border is composed of intricate line work depicting various elements: at the top, a circular medallion contains a five-petaled flower; the sides are adorned with stylized corn cobs and leafy vines; the bottom is a dense, swirling pattern of leaves and corn. The central text is enclosed within a rectangular frame defined by these decorative elements.

CERES AND PERSEPH- ONE A CHILD PLAY

BY
MAUD MENEFEE

WITH THE
HYMN TO DEMETER

TRANSLATED BY
ANDREW LANG



PUBLISHED BY
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MAUD MENEFEE
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FROM
THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDT
1912

TO MY MOTHER
and to
CERTAIN CHILDREN

Whose delight in the world-old images
gave impulse to this song.



Contents

I CERES AND PERSEPHONE

A Child Play

By Maud Menefee

II HYMN TO DEMETER

From "Homer's Hymns"

Translated by Andrew Lang

“Demeter (Ceres) is the goddess then at first, of the fertility of the earth in its wildness, ♣ ♣ afterward specially the goddess of agriculture —of the fertility of the earth when furthered by human skill, and is the preserver of seed sown in hope. ♣ ♣ Demeter haunts the fields in spring when the young lambs are dropped; she visits the barns in autumn; she takes part in mowing and binding up the corn and is the goddess of sheaves. She presides over the threshing floor and full granary and stands beside the women baking bread at the oven, ♣ ♣ and it is they who leave her a fragment of bread and a morsel of meat at the cross-roads, to take on her journey. ♣ ♣ She lays a finger on the grass, and some new flower comes up. The country woman who puts her child to sleep in the great cradle-like basket for winnowing corn, remembers Demeter, the mother of corn and children alike, and makes it a little coat out of

the dress worn by its father at his initiation into her mysteries. ❀ ❀ ❀ Persephone, springing up with great joy from the couch of Hades to return to her mother, is the outburst of the year. The perfume of spring flowers hangs about her as about the actual spring."

From "Greek Studies,"

WALTER PATER.

Ceres and Persephone

PERSONS:

CERES, the Earth-mother

PERSEPHONE, the Spring

HADES, God of the Under World

AN OLD MAN

A LITTLE GIRL

A SOWER

CHORUS

SEA-NYMPHS

SHADES

DRYADS

Ceres and Persephone

CHORUS

Passing Cronos parted well;
Gave heaven to Zeus,
To Hades death and hell;
Poseidon had the sea
And Ceres her Persephone with base
 earth's use;
In limit-fee each held his own,
Until True Heir to lordship grown
Should claim dominion over earth and
 sea
And conquering death, prove Life's
 Eternity.

ACT ONE

SCENE ♣ [A grove. Ceres musing
and chanting.]

CERES



H, Zeus, who keeps the
sky,
Thou mighty one, set
high
To hold men's souls
uplift with wonder—
The barren moon's
hung so
For laughing babes to ponder
And clutch at tip-toe—
Who grudges thee thy throne?
Thine eyes have sightless grown
With naught to see but blue and empty
space;
Keep thou the sky, for me Earth's grace!
Hades, keep o'er death and night thy
sway,
I'll keep my reign o'er birth and day!
My pulse-throbs make
The leaf-buds break,

Ceres and Persephone

I send the bees in droning swarms;
Wherever new-born lamb is are my
arms.

Poseidon, fretful still,
That aged Cronos' will
Gave thee to guard the errant Main
That idly mocks the sky all day
And steals the earth in wanton play
To fling it back in barren shoals again—
Ah, keep your envious Sea!
I have my child, Persephone.
She taught the larks to sing at morn,
Joy had been dumb ere she was born,
No flower blossomed till her birth—
Her look it was smote all the earth
To flash in stars and blue and flame—
A lambent, prism-blasted beam
From eyes that are the sun,
Star-flame and blue in one!

• [Sees her coming]
Like a young hind,
She leaps the hill,
Or panting wind,

A c t O n e

Or freshet rill, she comes!

Persephone—

PERSEPHONE

Ceres, of the cradling lap,
Here's cradling nest of linnet
With young a-crying in it;
They ope their mouths to me,
I'll their feeding-mother be!

CERES

Ah child! canst thou with hand ungentle
wrest

The nestled young from under linnet
breast

And know her mother-way with un-
fledged brood?

O ruthless one, who naught of pain e'er
heeds!

PERSEPHONE

I'll give them food—

CERES

And if mere sodden food feeds wailing
young,

Ceres and Persephone

Still what of that lone heart that grieves,
Calling and flutt'ring 'mong the leaves?

PERSEPHONE ♣ [Touched with
sorrow]

Again, O mother help me find
That lifted warning finger of a tree
That grows on Hera's hill;
'Twas by her breast's well-spring
Where all her foster sucklings, hind
And doe, go drink their fill.
Their eyes were thine upon me
When I took the clamorous thing.

CERES ♣ [Takes the nest]

I'll find the tree,
I'll hear the bird.
The cry of bleating lambs that stray,
The moan of lowing kine with young
away—
Such cries I've ever heard
Since thy faint wailings stirred.
And the plaint of the lost and the lone
Sounds the far echo

Act One

Of my own heart's woe,
Wert thou gone.
Now play until Apollo comes to night's
grim gates,
The dancing Nymphs of Neptune thy
playmates.

PERSEPHONE

I'll make them wreaths of asphodel
and rue,
Lilies white as milk and Clytie's flower,
Laurel bringing hidden things to view;
And pray the gods as timid children do,
Who pluck Jove's-beard* by chance,
Or spoiling Juno's bower
Pour golden king-cups' mead of morn-
ing dew.
I'll bind the wreaths for wreathing
dance!
* [Persephone leaps off. Ceres stands a
moment to look after.]

CERES

So must I leave thee.—

*Common house-leek.

Ceres and Persephone

O ye gods unstable,
Dealing good and ill!
Gamesters leaving witless will
To the game's throw!
Heart's love, there must be one,—
A loving God of Changeless Love
To guard love's own!
✦ [She goes.]

SEA-NYMPHS ✦ [Running and leap-
ing like the waves upon the
sand. When Persephone comes
with arms full of flowers, they sur-
round her and sing]—

For a flower
We'll give a pearl.
See! we'll fling them in a shower;
You may have them for your dower,
Fairest girl.

PERSEPHONE

For light turned bloom,
A singing shell;
Take it then to light the gloom

Act One

Of that blind-dim cavern room
Where ye dwell.

SEA-NYMPHS

What grows,
So fair and high,
Where the tide gently flows?
'Tis not lily, neither rose,
Bring it nigh.

PERSEPHONE

Narcissus is the name.
Dear Nymphs, I dare not fetch it.

NYMPHS

Why, forsooth?

PERSEPHONE

It was a youth aforetime and he died.

NYMPHS

A beauteous youth who died? Alas
the day!

PERSEPHONE

Loved his own beauties to their blight,

Ceres and Persephone

As o'er a glassy pool he leaned and
gazed,
Like some thrall'd dove in charméd
serpent-sight.
And there he leaned and looked, nor
raised
Dim lids until he died.
And in his place there sprang yon
waxen shoots,
With every bloom an eye bent on the
tide;
In Hades' deepest cavern are the roots.

NYMPHS

Let us have it, root and stem,
We'll transplant it in the brine,
Grow a tree to tether kine.
Here are pearls, then, heaps of them.

PERSEPHONE ♣ [Springing forward
with rude impetuosity]

Go live in the flood
With the sea-serpent's brood!

Act One

☛ [She tears it up; the earth yawns and Hades stands before her. In terror she drops the plant, the Sea Nymphs snatch it and vanish.]

HADES ☛ [Speaks in a low voice]

I'm Hades, child.

PERSEPHONE

Who keeps the dark?

Is there no light,

No little gleam

Of watcher's torch or candle beam

In that dull place?

HADES

Only the embers of the evening-ends,

Where falls the charred dropt torch of
day.

PERSEPHONE

But eyes that shine with light of love

Are lights from that great Light above

The sun, my mother says.

Ceres and Persephone

HADES

Child, death is blind,
And seeing not is death—
But I choose thee to be my sight
And day-dawn of my endless night.

♣ [He seizes her and leaps into his chariot.]

PERSEPHONE ♣ [Cries wildly]

Ceres! mother! save!
O save me gods! Apollo, eyeing noon,
Thou seest! My flowers all strewn—
Asphodel and rue deck my grave.

[CURTAIN]



ACT TWO

CHORUS

Who wanders lonely through the wild?
'Tis Ceres seeking her lost child, Persephone.

Persephone, hearest call that moans
In autumn winds' low-crying tones?
'Tis Ceres calling thee.

O sorrow-bowed with weight of love
turned woe!—

Pity her, O grudging gods, who know
where weeps Persephone.

SCENE ♣ [A barren field. Ceres, in the guise of an old and sorrow-stricken woman, sits upon a stone, her head bowed upon her knees, and her unlighted torch at her feet]

DRYADS ♣ [Sing in low, crooning voices]

O rest-roaming one
Let our love atone!

Ceres and Persephone

CERES

Hush, she is gone!

DRYADS

Ah, can a goddess
Mourn like another?

CERES

More than all that I am,
I'm the mother.

DRYADS

See the bare field
Naught will it yield,
For this is thy guild.
Grief's blight lieth chill
On meadow and hill—

CERES

Such is my will!

DRYADS

The trees are all bare,
No birds are here.

Act Two

CERES

I would I could care!

DRYADS

The gardens lie fallow,
Wroth is Apollo;
Pray grieve no longer
Remember man's hunger.

CERES ♀ [Lifts her head]

Apollo wroth with me?
Let him be wroth and see what boots;
Let him rain light upon the earth;
Milk Juno's cows, the seed and roots
To nourish;
Until I find the child I cherish
There'll still be dearth!

DRYADS ♀ [Shake their heads]

Words will never sorrow turn,
They but kindle till it burn;
We have never sorrow known,
No child have we, nor were we born;
We are but the live tree's presence,

Ceres and Persephone

Not a body, just an essence ;
Woe will never us encumber,
Let us now return to slumber.

♣ [They go.]

♣ [Ceres sits looking dully after them.
Behind her across the fields comes
an old man with a bundle of
faggots on his back. His little
daughter is with him, and she
leads two goats. When they see
the wretched figure of Ceres they
are touched with sorrow.]

LITTLE GIRL

Mother! ♣ [Ceres turns and looks]
Mother, why do you sit alone in this
lonely field? Come with us to our
home.

OLD MAN

♣ [Stops also, for all his heavy burden.]
Come with us, I pray you, so shall you
be warmed and fed.

Act Two

CERES ♣ [Looks at him tenderly]

May heaven bless you, and may many
children be yours. How much
happier is your lot than mine. I
have lost my child.

♣ [A shining tear falls into Ceres' bosom,
and the tender-hearted old man
and the little girl weep together.]

OLD MAN

I pray you come with us, for I believe
your child will be restored to you.

CERES ♣ [Rises]

Lead me! You have found the way to
win me.

♣ [They go together.]

DRYADS ♣ [Sing unseen]

Ah, the gentle little maiden
Leads the goddess sorrow-laden;
They know not, these humble folk,
'Tis a god on whom they look;
They think her but a human,

Ceres and Persephone

Sorrowful and lonely woman ;
Blessed, surely is his lot,
Who serves a god and knows it not.

[CURTAIN]



ACT THREE

SCENE ♣ [Hades' kingdom. Persephone sleeps, Hades sits with his head bowed on his hand. The Shades stand near Persephone, waving over her long cypress leaves and sing.]

SHADES

No longer she weeps,
Softly she sleeps,
The snaréd wild bird
Hath beat her wings weary ;
Sleep, child, nor wake,
Here morn doth not break ;
Here streams no bright ray,
The dawn that we get is an old yester-
day.

Sleep, nor remember;
Peace is in slumber.

PERSEPHONE ♣ [Wakes]

Do they call this day?
This is but the gray,

Ceres and Persephone

Dun twilight that at home
Means night is come.
O Hades, foe to joy!
I dreamed of day-spring's star,
And singing larks, their wings,
An oar on either side,
Rowing the welling tides of dawn!
Thy bolted gate stood wide,
I leaped to go my way, nor weeping
prayed.
I had grown a gentle maid;
And you, a shepherd boy
With Cerberus, our dog, who ran
Hither and yon to keep the sheep
While you played pipes o' Pan;
All the Shades came following close
Till each a living creature chose,—
Became his shadow none would lose—
Like 'prentices to Life did they return
The ways of living men to learn.
And leaping like mad Mænad with
New wine of life, night-blind
From sightless dark I looked behind
And dimly 'held thy realm of night,

Act Three

A drifting cloud-wreath, melt in dawn-
ing light;
For Life itself was Light no cloud could
hide;
'Round every head there flamed its
fiery tongue,
And new-born age did glow as young
As youth, for Death had died.

HADES

Ah, vengeful maid, wouldst undo kingly
power?
Leave me without a realm,
Mankind without a helm?
Lose fear of his death hour,
Who'd steer aright?

PERSEPHONE

Fear lost, then Hope is pilot,—
The haven of his dream's
No wreck-strewn coast
Hugged hard by foundered barks
Ebb-tide ne'er sweeps to living streams.

Ceres and Persephone

HADES

Hold, impious one!

Wouldst change the changeless will on
high?

Thou wert undone

If Zeus were nigh!

PERSEPHONE

Let the gods die—

If death must be!

And let the good of every deity

Melt into One—grow somehow or other

The love of the mother

To lap 'round the world from end to
beginning.

The creature holding fast the skirts of
Love,

Should go content as I move

By my mother's side

Through unknown ways, eyes wide

For visions that she points.

I stay my step to see

How birds with nestled young

Show love like hers for me;

Act Three

How every seed and leaf-bud proves
A fostering care, and as I go,
The whole world seems a mirror set to
show

The love I live by;
So man would be as sure of God
As I of her dear care;
Go seeing the vision—one meaning
everywhere.

• [Persephone stands illumined.]

SHADES

To our gloom
Light has come.
One enters here
Who never died.
Now the new day is descried.
Who brings the light
Hath banished night.

• [There is heard a low mutter of thunder and with a lightning flash Hermes leaps into the midst.]

HERMES

Some word

Ceres and Persephone

Hath here been spoke,
That hath Olympus shook
And Zeus hath heard!

HADES

It was the clarion note
Of this wild bird.
Loose her, set wide the gates—let fly!
She'd doom the deathless gods to die!

PERSEPHONE

Leave to flee thy caging gates—
My twisted gyve undone?
And wingéd Hermes here to find
The one who weeps alone?
Ah, Love, love's vigil's o'er!
O Hermes, herdsman's help, didst see
My little goat?
I left him tethered to the tree
The throstle builds in.
He must still have wondered
Why I came no more.
♦ [To the Shade]—
Adieu, sweet souls!

Act Three

Adieu, great god of death and night!
Adieu, I go toward morning light.

SHADES

Toward us comes light;
Who sat in darkness, see bright glory,
Not of stars, or moon, or sun,
But Light that shines behind them every
one.

[CURTAIN]



Ceres and Persephone

CHORUS

O barren fields,
What marvel here is wrought!
To yonder humble home
Love's hand had brought
A sorrowing, wandering soul
To share its famine's dole of cheer.
O Pain! O grief of mortals!
A wailing babe, past hope of ease,
Lay 'plaining on the patient, cradling
knees,
Of her who watches.
O Healing Presence!
No wild-wood herb-o'-grace
Nor resin'd salve's compound,
But "salve, hail and peace"
She greets, who past all knowing knew
That Life is seed within itself, ere grew
The plant or herb of field,
Or rain had fallen, or man tilled
The ground.

ACT FOUR

SCENE ♣ [The barren field again.
Ceres comes, led by the little girl
and the old man; and as they come
they look at Ceres in awe and wonder,
for within the cottage a sick
child was healed as it lay on her
breast]

CERES

Thou must not farther go.

OLD MAN

We're loth to let thee pass our eyes.

LITTLE GIRL

Thou art a god I know,
Come from the skies,
For when thou entered our low door
There flashed a radiance of full harvest
moon.

OLD MAN

And the ailing infant's peevish plaint

Ceres and Persephone

Grew crooning peace as on thy breast he
lay.

That was god-wrought; no mortal
thou.

We bless ourselves and bow
The knee in thankfulness.

CERES

Arise, good friends, 'twas you who
taught.

Your gentle cheer my woe beguiled;
Healing your hurt, my own seemed
less;

'Twas you who said I'd find my child.
I know I'll find her—hold her
In these empty arms.

And that thought is the faith you mor-
tals feel

When you pray help of us, and go
bolder

Into battle, or feel surer no harm's
Coming to the flock or new sown-seed,
Because we've heard.

I'm god to you, but to myself I'm
none!

Act Four

Ah me! . Our ring of warring gods
needs One

Above all woe to heed our prayers.

♣ [Day dawns, and there comes a sower
sowing seed.]

THE SOWER ♣ [Sings]

Hope is new life,
Faith is new birth,
Love's over all,
There's end to dearth.

Joys come and go,
Night follows day,
But with the sun
It is morning alway!

CERES

Who sows a barren field
With precious seed
In face of famine
Hath faith indeed.

THE SOWER

I sing as I fling

Ceres and Persephone

The grain to the wind.

Give to receive,

Lose all to find!

• [As Ceres listens, all the old god-glory shines.]

CERES

In such pure faith

I'll serve again, nor grieve.

Farewell, my gentle friends,

I've heard the call my soul must ever
heed,

My woe is mine, my service the world's
need.

I go!—

PERSEPHONE • [Leaps to her
arms]

I come! Life passing death

Proves dying but a dream to pass!

O Love, who feeds the hunger-driven,

Show me thy ways; I'll feed

Man's life with every seed

He drops into the furrow, riven

Act Four

As earth is for the graves.

O Love, Life lives!

And bread is word of Life

Writ hieroglyph in buried grain's

Rent tomb and bloom of springs!

♣ [Leaping youths and maidens and
piping shepherd come singing and
dancing around Ceres and Per-
sephone.]

CHORUS

New Life's begun,

Bid us good morrow,

What's past is done,

Fling off old sorrow,

New Life's begun!

New Life is come

And joy is the sum

Of all the gods send—

Good or ill—in the end

Joy is the sum!

[CURTAIN]

THE END OF THE PLAY



HYMN TO DEMETER

TRANSLATED BY
ANDREW LANG

Greatful acknowledgment is due Mr. Andrew Lang for his permission to use his translation of the "Hymn to Demeter" from "Homeric Hymns;" also to his publishers, Longmans, Green & Company.

HYMN TO DEMETER



F fair-tressed Demeter,
Demeter, holy goddess, I begin to sing:
of her and her slim-ankled daughter whom
Hades snatched away,
the gift of wide-beholding Zeus, but
Demeter knew it not, she that bears
the Seasons, the giver of goodly crops.
For her daughter was playing with
the deep-bosomed maidens of Oceanus,
and was gathering flowers—roses, and
crocuses, and fair violets in the soft
meadow, and lilies, and hyacinths, and
the narcissus—which the earth brought
forth as a snare to the fair-faced maiden,
by the counsel of Zeus, and to pleasure
the Lord with many guests.
Wondrously bloomed the flower, a
marvel for all to see. From its root
grew forth a hundred blossoms, and

The Homeric Hymn

with its fragrant odor the wide heaven above and the whole earth laughed, and the salt wave of the sea. Then the maiden marveled, and stretched forth both her hands to seize the fair plaything; but the wide-wayed earth gaped in the Nysian plain, and up rushed the Prince, the host of many guests, the many-named son of Cronos, with his immortal horses.

Against her will he seized her and drave her off weeping in his golden chariot, but she shrilled aloud, calling on Father Cronides, the highest of gods and the best. ❀❀❀❀ Now, so long as the goddess beheld the earth, and the starry heaven, and the tide of the teeming sea, and the rays of the sun, and still hoped to behold her mother dear, and the tribes of the eternal gods; even so long, despite her sorrow, hope warmed her high heart; then rang the mountain peaks and the depths of the sea to her immortal voice, and her lady

To Demeter

mother heard her. Then sharp pain caught at her heart, and with her hands she tore the wimple about her ambrosial hair, and cast a dark veil about her shoulders, and then sped she like a bird over land and sea in her great yearning; but to her there was none that would tell the truth, none, either of Gods or men, nor even a bird came nigh her, a soothsaying messenger.

Thereafter for nine days did Lady Deo roam the earth, with torches burning in her hands, nor ever in her sorrow tasted she of ambrosia and sweet nectar, nor laved her body in the baths. But when at last the tenth morn came to her with light, bearing torches burning in her hands, came she to Helios, that watches both for gods and men, and stood before his car, and the Lady Goddess questioned him:

“Helios, be pitiful to me that am a Goddess, if ever by word or deed I gladdened thy heart. My daughter, whom

The Homeric Hymn

I bore, a sweet plant and fair to see; it was her shrill voice I heard through the air unharvested, even as of one violently entreating, but I saw her not with my eyes. But do thou that lookest down with thy rays from the holy air upon all the land and sea, do thou tell me truly concerning my dear child, if thou didst behold her; who it is hath taken her from me against her will, who is it of Gods or mortal men?"

So spake she, and Hyperionides answered her :

"Daughter of fair-tressed Rhea, Queen Demeter, thou shalt know it; for greatly do I pity and revere thee in thy sorrow for thy slim-ankled child. There is none other guilty but Zeus himself, that gathereth the clouds, who gave thy daughter to Hades, his own brother, ♣ ♣ ♣ and Hades has taken her away in his own chariot, loudly shrilling, beneath the dusky gloom. But Goddess, do thou cease from thy

To Demeter

long lamenting. It behooves not thee thus vainly to cherish anger unassuaged. No unseemly lord for thy daughter among the immortals is Aidoneus, the lord of many."

So spake he, and called upon his horses, and at his call they swiftly bore the fleet chariot on like long-winged birds. But grief more dread and bitter fell upon her, and wroth thereafter was she with Zeus, that hath dark clouds for his dwelling. She held apart from the gathering of the Gods and from tall Olympus, and disfiguring her form for many days, she went among the cities and rich fields of men.

Now no man knew her that looked on her, nor no deep-bosomed woman, till she came to the dwelling of Celeus, who then was Prince of fragrant Eleusis. There sat she by the wayside in sorrow of heart by the Maiden Well, whence the townsfolk were wont to draw water. In the shade she sat; above

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her grew a thick olive-tree; and in fashion she was like an ancient crone. Such she was as are the nurses of doom-pronouncing kings. Such are the house keepers in their echoing hall.

Now the daughters of Celeus beheld her as they came to fetch the fair-flowing water to carry thereof in bronze vessels to their father's home. Four were they, like unto goddesses, all in bloom of youth, Callidice and Cleisidice, and winsome Demo, and Callistroe, the eldest of them all, nor did they know her, for the gods are hard to be known by mortals, but they stood near her, and spake winged words:

“Who art thou and whence, old woman, and why art thou wandering apart from the town, nor dost draw nigh to the houses where are women of thine own age, in the shadowy halls, even such as thou, and younger women too, who may kindly entreat thee in word and deed?”

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So spake they, and the Lady Goddess answered :

“ Dear children, whoever ye be of woman kind, I bid you hail, and I will tell you my story. Seemly it is to answer your questions. Deo is my name that my lady mother gave me ; but now, look you, from Crete am I come hither from over the wide ridges of the sea, by no will of my own ; nay, by violence have sea-rovers brought me hither, who thereafter touched with their swift ship at Thoricos, where the women and they themselves embarked on land. Then were they busy about supper beside the hawser of the ship, but my heart heeded no delight of supper ; so stealthily setting forth through the dark land I fled from these overweening masters, that they might not sell me whom they had never bought, and gain my price. Thus hither have I come in my wanderings, nor know I at all what land is this, nor who they be that dwell therein. But

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me do ye maidens pity in your kindness
till I come to the house of woman or of
man that there I may work zealously in
such tasks as fit a woman of my years.
I could carry in mine arms a new-born
babe, and nurse it well, and keep the
house, and strew my master's bed within
the well-built chambers, and teach
the maids their tasks."

So spake the goddess, and straight-
way answered her the maid unwed, Cal-
lidice, the fairest of the daughters of
Celeus?

"Mother, what things soever the
gods do give must men, though sorrow-
ing, endure, for the gods are far stronger
than we. Abide thou here that we may
go to the house of my father, and tell
out all this tale to my mother, the deep-
bosomed Metaneira, if perchance she
will bid thee come to our house and
not seek the homes of others. A dear
son, born in her later years, is nurtured
in the well-built hall, a child of many

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prayers, and a welcome. If thou wilt nurse him till he come to the measure of youth, then whatsoever woman saw thee should envy thee; such gifts of fosterage would my mother give thee."

So spake she, and the Goddess nodded assent. So rejoicing they filled their shining pitchers with water and bore them away. Swiftly they came to the high hall of their father, and quickly told their mother what they had heard and seen, and speedily she bade them run and call the stranger, offering goodly hire. Then as deer or calves in the season of spring leap along the meadow, when they have had their fill of pasture, so lightly they kilted up the folds of their lovely kirtles and ran along the hollow chariot-way while their hair danced on their shoulders, in colors like the crocus flower. They found the glorious Goddess at the wayside, even where they had left her, and anon they led her to their father's house. But she

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paced behind in heaviness of heart, her head veiled, and the dark robe floating about her slender feet divine.

Speedily they came to the house of Celeus, where their lady mother was sitting by the doorpost of the well-wrought hall, with her child in her lap, a young blossom; and the girls ran up to her, but the Goddess stood on the threshold, her head touching the roof-beam, and she filled the doorway with the light divine. Then wonder and awe and pale fear seized the mother, and she gave place from her high seat. But Demeter, the Bearer of Seasons, the Giver of goodly gifts, would not sit down upon the shining high seat. Nay, in silence she waited till the wise Iambe set for her a well-made stool, and cast over it a glistening fleece.

Then to her the fair-girdled Metaneira said :

“Hail, lady, for methinks thou art not of mean parentage, but goodly born, for

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grace and honor shine in thine eyes as in the eyes of doom-dealing kings. ♣ ♣ ♣
Rear me this child that the gods have given in my later years and beyond my hope; and he is to me a child of many prayers."

Then answered her again, Demeter of the fair garland :

"Gladly will I receive the child thou biddst me nurse. Never, methinks, by the folly of his nurse shall charm or sorcery harm him; for I know an antidote stronger than the wild-wood herb, and a goodly salve I know for venommed spells."

So spake she, and with her immortal hand she placed the child on her fragrant breast, and the mother was glad at heart. So in the halls she nursed the goodly son of wise Celeus, and he grew like a God upon no mortal food nor on no mother's milk, for Demeter anointed him with ambrosia, as though he had been a son of a God, breathing sweetness

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over him and keeping him in her bosom. So wrought she by day, but at night she was wont to hide him in the force of the fire like a brand, his dear parents knowing it not. Nay, to them it was a great marvel how flourished he and grew god-like. And verily, she would have made him exempt from age and death forever, had not fair-girdled Metaneira, in her witlessness, spied on her in the night from her fragrant chamber. Then wailed she, and smote both her thighs, in terror for her child, and in anguish of heart she spake winged words: "My child Demophoön! the stranger hides him in the heart of the fire; bitter sorrow for me and lamentation."

So spoke she wailing, and the Lady Goddess heard her. Then in wrath did the fair-garlanded Demeter snatch out of the fire with her immortal hands and cast upon the ground that woman's dear son. Dread was the wrath of Demeter. "O, witless and uncounseled race of men

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that know not beforehand the fate of coming good or coming evil. For so thou hast wrought upon thyself a bane incurable by thine own witlessness; for by the oath of the gods, I would have made thy dear child deathless and without age forever. ♣ ♣ ”

Therewith the Goddess cast off old age, and beauty breathed about her, and the sweet scent was breathed from her fragrant robes, and afar shone the light from the deathless body of the Goddess, the yellow hair flowing about her shoulders, so that the goodly house was filled with the splendor of levin fire, and forth from the halls went she.

But anon the knees of the woman were loosened, and for long time she was speechless; nay, nor even did she mind of the child, her best beloved, to lift him from the floor. But the sisters of the child heard his pitiful cry, and leapt from their fair-strewn beds, one of them lifting the child in her hands, laid it in her

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bosom; another lit the fire, and the third ran with smooth feet to take her mother forth from the fragrant chamber. Then gathered they about the child, and bathed and clad him lovingly, yet his mood was not softened, for meaner nurses now and handmaids held him.

They the long night through were adoring the renowned Goddess, trembling with fear; but at the dawning they told the mighty Celeus, ❀❀❀ and he called the many people to the market-place and bade them build a temple and an altar to fair-tressed Demeter upon the jutting rock. ❀❀❀ The yellow-haired Demeter sitting therein apart from the blessed Gods, wasted away with desire for her deep-bosomed daughter. Then the most dread and terrible years did the goddess bring for mortals upon the fruitful earth, nor did the earth send up the seed, for Demeter of the goodly garland concealed it. Many crooked plows did the oxen drag

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through the furrows in vain, and much white barley fell fruitless upon the land. Now would the whole race of mortal men have perished utterly from the stress of famine, and the Gods that hold mansions in Olympus would have lost the share and renown of gift and sacrifice if Zeus had not conceived a counsel within his heart.

First he roused Iris of the golden wings to speed forth and call the fair-tressed Demeter, the lovesome in beauty; so spake Zeus, and Iris obeyed Zeus the son of Cronos, who hath dark clouds for his tabernacle, and swiftly she sped adown the space between heaven and earth, ❖ ❖ ❖ and speaking winged words, addressed her: "Demeter, Father Zeus, whose counsels are imperishable, bids thee back into the tribes of the eternal Gods. Come thou, then, lest the word of Zeus be of no avail." So spake she in her prayer but the Goddess yielded not. Thereafter the Father sent

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forth all the blessed Gods, all of the Immortals, and coming one by one they bade Demeter return, and gave her many splendid gifts, and all honors that she might choose among the Immortal Gods. But none availed to persuade by turning her mind and her angry heart, so stubbornly she refused their sayings. For she deemed no more forever to enter fragrant Olympus, and no more to allow the earth to bear her fruit until her eyes should behold her fair-faced daughter.

But when far-seeing Zeus, the Lord of the Thunderpeal, had heard the thing, he sent to Erebus, the slayer of Argos, the God of the golden wand, to win over Hades with soft words, and persuade him to bring up holy Persephone into the light, and among the Gods, from forth the murky gloom, that so her mother might behold her, and that her anger might relent. And Hermes disobeyed not, but straightway and speed-

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ily went forth beneath the hollow places of the earth, leaving the home of Olympus. That king he found within his dwelling, sitting beside the fair Persephone, who sorely grieved for desire of her mother, that still was cherishing a fell design against the ill deeds of the Gods. Then the strong slayer of Argos drew near and spoke: "Hades of the dark locks, thou prince of men outworn, Father Zeus bade me bring the dread Persephone forth from Erebus among the Gods, that her mother may behold her and relent from her anger and terrible wrath against the immortals, for now she contrives a mighty deed—to destroy the feeble tribes of earth-born men by withholding the seed under the earth. Thereby the honors of the Gods are minished, and fierce is her wrath, nor mingles she with the Gods, but sits apart."

So spake he, and neither did Aidoneus, prince of the dead, disobey the

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commands of King Zeus, as speedily he bade the wise Persephone, "Go, Persephone, to thy dark-mantled mother; go with a gentle spirit in thy breast, nor be thou beyond all other folk disconsolate. ♣ ♣ ."

So spake he, and wise Persephone was glad; and joyously and swiftly she arose, but the God himself, stealthily looking around her, gave her sweet pomegranate seed to eat, and this he did that she might not abide forever beside revered Demeter of the dark mantle. Then openly did Aidoneus, the prince of all, get ready the steeds beneath the golden chariot, and she climbed up into the golden chariot, and beside her the strong slayer of Argos took reins and whip in hand, and drove forth from the halls, and gladly sped the horses twain. Speedily they devoured the long way; nor sea, nor rivers, nor glassy glades, nor cliffs could stay the rush of the deathless horses;

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nay, far above them they cleft the deep air in their course. ❀ ❀ ❀ And Demeter of the goodly garland, when she beheld them, rushed forth like a Mænad down a dark mountain woodland. And Persephone on the other side rejoiced to see her mother, Deo, and leaped to meet her, but the mother said, "Child, in Hades hast thou eaten any food? For if thou hast, thou must return again, and beneath the hollows of the earth must dwell in Hades a third portion of the year; yet two parts thou shalt abide with me and the other immortals. When the earth blossoms with all manner of fragrant flowers, then from beneath the murky gloom shalt thou come again, a mighty marvel to gods and to mortal men. Now, tell me by what wile the strong host of many guests deceived thee? ❀ ❀ ❀ "

Then fair Persephone answered her august mother: "Behold, I shall tell thee all the truth without fail. I leaped

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up for joy when boon Hermes, the swift messenger, came from Zeus and the other heavenly Gods with the message that I was to return out of Erebus, that so thou mightest behold me and cease thine anger and dread wrath against the Immortals. Thereon Hades himself compelled me to taste of a sweet pomegranate seed against my will. And now I will tell thee how, through the crafty device of Zeus, Hades bore me away beneath the hollows of the earth. All that thou askest I will tell thee. We were all playing in the lovely meadows, Leucippe, and Phaino, and Electra, and Ianthè, and Melitè, and Iachè, and Rhodeia, and Callirhoe, and Melobosis, and Tuchè, and flower-faced Ocyroë, and Chræsis, and Ianeira, and Acastè, and Rhodope, and Plouto, and winsome Calypso, and Styx, and Urania, and beautiful Galaxaurè. We were playing there, and plucking beautiful blossoms with our hands; crocuses mingled, and

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iris, and hyacinth, and roses, and lilies, a marvel to behold, and narcissus that the wide earth bare, a wile for my undoing. Gladly was I gathering them, when the earth gaped beneath, and therefrom leaped the mighty Prince, the host of many guests, and he bare me against my will, despite my grief, beneath the earth, in his golden chariot; and shrilly did I cry. This all is true that I tell thee."

So the livelong day in oneness of heart did they cheer each other with love, and their minds ceased from sorrow, and great gladness did each win from other. ❖❖❖ And then to them for a messenger did far-seeing Zeus of the loud thunderpeal send fair-tressed Rhea to bring dark-mantled Demeter among the gods, with the pledge of honor she might choose among the Immortals.

Thus he spake, and the goddess disobeyed not the commands of Zeus.

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Swiftly she sped down from the peaks of Olympus, and came to fertile Rarion; fertile of old, but now no longer fruitful; for fallow and leafless it lay, and hidden was the white barley grain by the device of fair-ankled Demeter.

None the less, with the growing of the spring the land was to teem with tall ears of corn, and the rich furrows were to be heavy with corn, and the corn to be bound in sheaves. There first did she land from the unharvested ether, and gladly the goddesses looked on each other and rejoiced in heart, and thus first did Rhea of the fair wimple speak to Demeter:

“Hither, child, for he calleth thee, far-seeing Zeus, the Lord of the deep thunder, to come among the Gods, and has promised thee such honors as thou wilt, and hath decreed that thy child, for the third of the rolling year, shall dwell beneath the murky gloom, but the other two parts with her mother

To Demeter

and the rest of the Immortals. So doth he promise that it shall be and thereto nods his head; but come, my child, obey, and be not too unrelenting against the son of Cronos, the Lord of the dark cloud. And anon do thou increase the grain that bringeth life to men."

So spake she, and Demeter of the fair garland obeyed. Speedily she sent up the grain from the rich glebe, and the wide earth was heavy with leaves and flowers. ❀ ❀ ❀

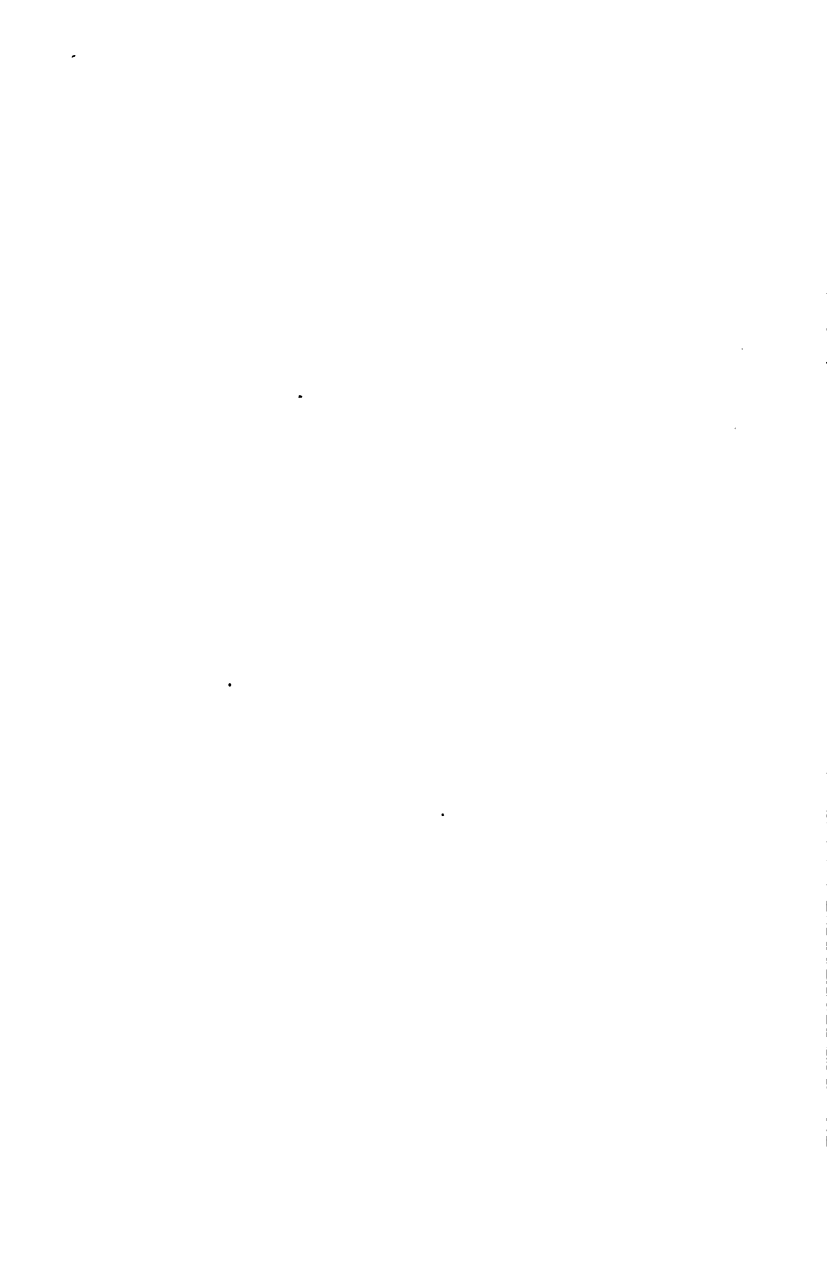
Come thou that holdest the land of fragrant Eleusis, and sea-girt Paros and rocky Antron; come, Lady Deo! Queen and Giver of goodly gifts and Bringer of Seasons; come thou and thy daughter, beautiful Persephone, and of your grace grant me goodly substance in requital of my song, but I will mind me of thee and other minstrelsy.

A-poll'o
 A-cas'te
 An'tron
 Ad-me'te
 A'i-do'neus or
 A-id'o-neus
 Ar'gos
 Cē-rēs
 Cer'be-rus
 Cē'leus
 Cal-lid'i-ce
 Chræ'sis
 Clei-sid'i-ce
 Cal-lith'o-e
 Cal-lir'ho-e
 Ca-lyp'so
 Cal-list'roē
 Cro'nos
 De-me'ter
 De'mo
 Déo
 De-moph'o-ōn
 Dry'ads
 Elec'tra
 Er'ebus
 E-leu'sis
 Gal'ax-au'rē
 Her'mēs

Ha'des
 Hy-pe'rioni'des
 I-āch-ē
 I-an'the
 Iam'be
 I'a-nei'ra
 Ju'no
 I'ris
 Leu-cip'pe
 Met'a-nei'-ra
 Me'lob'o-sis
 Mel'i-tē
 Mæ'nad
 Nep'tune
 Nar-ciss'us
 Ocyr'oe
 Oce'anus
 Olym'pus
 Per-seph'o-ne
 Po-sei'don
 Pha-i'-no
 Rho-de'ia
 Rhod'o-pe
 Rhéa
 Ra'rion
 Tuchē
 U-ra'ni-a
 Zeus (Zūs)

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